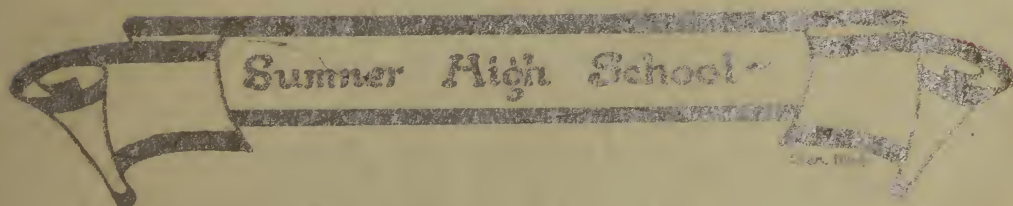
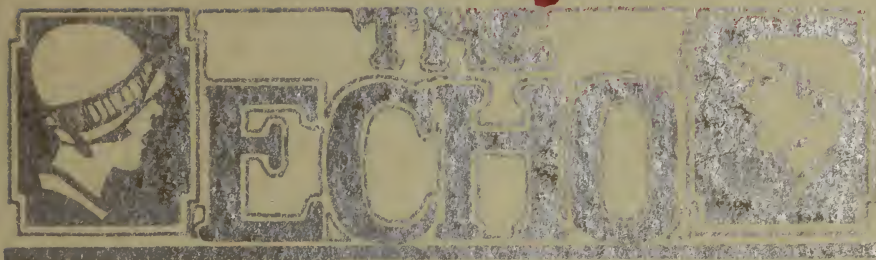


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# The Echo

Vol. IV. No. 2

Sumner High School, Hollbrook, Mass.

June, 1927



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# SENIOR CLASS

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### WHAT I HAVE LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL BESIDES THE CURRICULUM

The High School is the highest institution for learning that the town has. In that institution are trained young Americans who will be the foundation of the America of tomorrow. There is a certain amount of learning to be completed before the young American is presented his diploma. But, besides this knowledge, much more can be gained by taking hold of every advantage. Whether I have done this or not, you can judge for yourself.

Picture a young lad of thirteen entering a place to study with nothing but the thought of "raising Cain" in his mind, and you will have an average Freshman. I was no exception. But I soon had my first lesson taught me: that I must behave myself. A good hint was a parade of "U's" received on that very first "death notice"—or report card,—if it is preferred. Whether I have behaved myself or not, I know I should, and that is more than I knew the day I became a Freshman. This is a great thing if carefully heeded. Business men of today hear about their "Cain Raising" of yesterday, and it hurts them, too.

Another thing, that I found best to do was to read more frequently. My knowledge that first day about what was going on at other points of this globe was just about equal to the content of the Brookville Ledger—of course, you know what that is. My, but how those teachers did insist that the Freshmen know something about this world. The password to this room of learning was an oral theme. Here-tofore, the sporting page and the "funnies" were the extent of my reading. But things are different now. I have learned a new lesson: that I must read. Nowadays, the papers are chockfull of "write-ups," which I was taught in Sunday School not to read, and which I do read; it's an odd thing though, when a person becomes too lazy to turn a page, and reads the whole business. Anything from a prayer by the Pope to a murder trial is the prey of my eyes. They made me read them, but they can't stop me now! Write-ups are put in the papers to be read and, why should they not be read? Therefore, I have learned that I should read papers, magazines, books, or anything else, as long as I am able to read. If I do not read enough to satisfy some folks, I can say that at least I have learned that I should read.

These two things—behaving myself and reading—may not seem to other folks the most important, but true they are. "Read

and be up to date," I have often heard said. There is more truth than poetry to that. In the sport world today you would be lost, if you had not read the papers concerning the scandals in baseball, the records in track meets, the conqueror of the San Pedro Channel, George Young, and other things that have held the front page of local newspapers all over the country. As for the "raising Cain" part of this theme. I will leave it to the warning given to the Seniors, "My, but you act like Freshmen."

Francis Kearns, '27.

### "BE A SPORT"

Oh! come on, be a sport! How many times have you heard this? Many, and you have probably used it yourself. Maybe it was to go swimming, or perhaps to go on a hike. Did you not respond to this plea and go? Of course you did, but, usually, this happens outside of the school building. Have you ever tried it in school? Haven't the teachers a very good right to say, "Oh, be a sport, you can do that work."? Couldn't Mr. Morrison say? "That is an easy problem, and you can do it. Be a sport and try it." Of course he could. All the other teachers have exactly the same privilege. All want you to do your work and get ahead. Maybe they don't use just those words, but they mean the same thing. You can do the work or they wouldn't assign it. It is merely a question of being a "sport".

Buck up and try it for a couple of weeks if not longer. See for yourself the difference. It may take a good hard try, but the result will be worth ten times the effort.

Where will you get if you look at the whole instead of a part, and then say, "Oh, I couldn't possibly do it", and let it go without having a try at it.

One thing leads to another, both up and down the ladder of success. If you are a sport and say you will get that troublesome thing and make a good swat at it, you will have more faith in your ability. The result will be that you will finally catch the sticklers **completely**.

Evelyn Hill, '28.

Teacher: "What excuse have you for being so late?"

Peter: (breathlessly): I ran so fast, teacher, that I-I didn't have time to think up one."

### SNAP INTO IT

We are glad that girls' athletics are being introduced in Sumner High this year. The Track Team consists of Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors. They practice three days a week under the instruction of the coach, Mr. Neal. He always warms us up by starting us off with a race, and a favorite saying of his is, "Come on, Snap into it." At a meet May 10th, between the Sophomores and Freshmen, the latter won. It is hoped that every track member will "snap into it" and be winners in the coming competitions.

Louise Hutchins, '29.

### "THE ECHO"

- T is for Thomas, from Holbrook is he;  
With hair that is black and as curly as  
can be.
- H is for Henry of six feet and two  
He's always ready to smile at you.
- E is for Evelyn, a shy little lass,  
Who is one of the smartest in her  
English Class.
- E is for "Echo" our school paper so dear.  
The name of it sounds loud and clear.
- C is for Crosby, a sophomore so bright,  
Who in Geometry, gets his problems all  
right.
- H is for Hiltz, Karl is his name,  
To go through College is his greatest  
aim.
- O is for "Oh gosh, don't go so fast".  
It's the cry of we Soph's in Geography  
Class.

Agnes Borton, '29.

### BACKING A LOSING TEAM

"Come on" boys and girls, wake up and support your school team. It can't win every game for you. If it won every game, you would be sick of watching it. How can it win if you do not back it up? Show them you have spirit, slap them on the back, and tell them to buck up. They're playing for sport, not for money. Think how you would feel if you didn't have any rooters at the games. So come on, let's back them up, encourage them, and they will give you all they've got.

Lawrence Dalton, '29.

### The Final Ceremony

Maybelle—"My dear, why don't you ask me for advice on the matter?"

Cora—"I intend to, just as soon as I decide what I am going to do"

### LEAGUE MEETINGS

The meetings of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications were held this year at Holbrook, North Easton, and Milton.

#### January 19—At Holbrook.

Representatives from schools registered at the high school. Special meetings were held at the school for the advisors, executive board, editors and business managers. Dancing was enjoyed in the town hall for the other delegates. A supper was served in the basement of the Congregational Church at 6:30. A general meeting was conducted at 7:30 in the town hall. A one act play was presented by the Freshman Class. There was also singing by the glee clubs. A talk on School Papers was given by a Professor of Harvard.

#### March 14—At North Easton.

The second meeting was held at North Easton. Representatives from Holbrook were Miss Megley, Dorothy Huskins, Katherine McCool, Mildred Tibbets, Hazel Tibbets, Jessie Beers, Charles Martin and Arthur Therrien. Special meetings were also held here. After the general meeting two minute stunts were presented by each school.

The Holbrook delegates represented a human xylophone. The air reproduced was "My Bonnie". Dorothy Huskins was the xylophone player.

The speaker was Mr. Rugg who talked on Short Stories.

#### May 19—At Milton.

Representatives from Holbrook were: Miss Megley, Mr. Morrison, Mildred Tibbets, Hazel Tibbets, Dorothy Huskins, Katherine McCool, Jessie Beers, Marion Hill, Charles Martin, and Arthur Therrien. Special meetings were conducted. Officers for the coming year were elected. The speaker at the general meeting was Mr. Chatter of the Springfield High School. He spoke on the administration of the school paper.

A headline in the New York Times says:  
Princeton Eleven will lose 13 Men!

\* \* \* \*

Umpire: "Foul".

Wise Freshman: "Ah, where are the feathers?"

Haughty Senior: "This is a picked team."

\* \* \* \*

Breil: "What do you think of Ford as a presidential probability?"

Nylander: "Fine, he has the makings of another Lincoln."



# Literature

## LIVING CHARACTERS

One hot summer day I sat on the veranda with one of Gene Stratton Porter's books lying in my lap. I closed my eyes and suddenly I heard a soft voice saying, "Please, let me out." I looked around trying to decide where the voice was coming from. The voice spoke again, "Please, let me out." This time it seemed to come from the book in my lap.

I opened the cover and, much to my surprise, a figure rose from its midst. It grew and grew until it reached the size of a human being. I glanced up at its face and saw a beautiful girl. Her hair was a beautiful auburn; her complexion was perfect; her eyes were a peculiar gray; her well formed lips were parted, and I caught a glimpse of pearly teeth. She was dressed in a badly faded gingham dress.

I had not recovered from the shock of seeing this beautiful creature rise from the book when she spoke: "I am the heroine of that book, and I thought you would enjoy seeing me in person rather than reading about me. If you will open the book, my mother will come to assist me in telling the story to you."

I opened the book and another figure rose. This time it was a middle-aged woman whose white hair was loosely coiled on her neck. Her complexion was perfect and was browned by out-door exposure. She was dressed in faded gingham also.

The girl began to talk. "I am the girl of the Limberlost and this is my mother. I fear that it will be impossible to tell my story here so I will take you to the Limberlost Forest." From somewhere in her clothes she brought out a brown stick which she held before my face and a beautiful forest took the place of the furniture. The girl and her mother then showed me their home and told of the various trials they had been through. They told me how the girl had earned her way through high school and how she had made a success of her violin playing. Suddenly the girl turned to me and said, "Of course, there is a hero. Open your book."

I did this and much to my amazement a group of people came before my eyes. As they grew, the forest vanished and I found myself in the midst of a gay society party.

The two people who seemed to stand out were a handsome and an equally handsome woman. The scene changed to a secluded nook where the boy proposes and the girl says, "I shall never marry you."

Back to the forest, the girl is shown picking flowers. Nearby her side is seated a young man whom I recognized as the man of the ballroom. They were together quite a lot until one day the boy receives a telegram and he goes back to the society folks. Here the girl, who once refused him, tries to win him back but he has learned to love the girl of the forest. He returns to her and finds her gone. After many hardships, they are at last united.

As this was shown to me, there was a shrill whistle sounded and the characters whisked back into the book. The Girl turned to me and said, "Have you enjoyed the book?" I nodded and she said, "I must go now. Goodby." She then lifted the cover of the book and vanished. I tried to call to her but she did not answer. I opened my eyes and realized that I must have been dreaming, for I was seated on the veranda. The book was lying in my lap so I opened the cover and saw a picture of the red-headed girl.

Jesse Beers, '28.

## A BROKEN REVERIE

I lay and mused beneath a tree  
Whose sheltering arms made shade for me.  
I lay and watched with thoughtful eye  
The forest birds as they chanced by.

What more could mortal man desire  
Than sit and list to Nature's lyre?  
To think long thoughts that have no end,  
And see the swaying tree tops bend.

But Hark! I hear a steely ring!  
The ax is at a woodland King!  
The tall three fade away like shades  
When falls the sun on hills and glades.

The ax is working in the wood  
And leaving stumps where giants stood.  
The mighty monarch's thunderous crash  
Condemns man's heedless race for cash.

B. Loud, '27.

## BRAVE MAIKETA

As Little Beaver and the old chief started for their lodge, the Indian boy ran on ahead, that he might swing from the tall, slim birch trees along the trail. Climbing to its top as the tree bent downward with his weight, he landed upon the earth, and the tree sprang back, standing upright once more. It was a game which all the Indian boys enjoyed by the hour—the game of the leaping birch.

"Kayo, Kayo!" called the old chief warningly. "The sun is now going to his wigwam in the west; we must hasten. Ugh," laughed the old man; "as we take the homeward trail, I will tell you a story which you have never heard, about a boy named Maiketa, which means 'Little Warrior,' and what happened to him because of a leaping tree.

"Nobo, the old squaw, grandmother of Maiketa, was the most skillful weaver of basketry in all the village. Early and late she searched the forest, finding strange plants for making dyes, coloring the baskets she made. Later she wove them into patterns and animals, working them with dyed porcupine quills and beads.

"When Peboan, the God of Winter, reigned and the winds shook the poles of her tepee, close to her fire huddled old Nobo; splint-making was Maiketa. Then when the robin piped outside in the forest and spring had come, it was time for Maiketa to start on his yearly journey to trade the baskets of Nobo. His grandmother was far too old to take such a long journey.

"So stringing the baskets on a large pole, he carried them over his shoulder. When Maiketa was leaving the village, a boy named Gomseti, or 'the rattling gourd' because of his bad habit of talking too much when his elders would speak, met him just outside the lodge hoping to frighten him. 'You are over brave to start forth on a journey of two suns all alone. Do you not know that Kai, the great panther, is about? Only last night my brother and I heard his fearful cry in the darkness. We trembled with fear just to hear him although we were safe in the wigwam. I would never go so far off if I were you. Look out to-night when you make your lonely camp, for Kai,' called the cowardly boy, loudly.

"Maiketa, being strong of heart, was not frightened by the beasts of the forest, and often stopped to talk with them. Camping the first night near a pond, he watched old Ahmik, the beaver, and his army at work felling trees and building a new dam. At last lulled by the gentle songs of the Mukawis, the whippoorwill, he fell asleep.

"In the night he awoke feeling cold, so he threw some sticks on his dying fire. As he heard the 'whu-hu-hu' of a big owl calling down to him from a tree over his head, and seeing its great, golden eyes staring down in the darkness, he laughed.

"Just then, peering into the brushes beyond his camp fire, Maiketa saw another pair of gleaming eyes watching him. They were not those of a friend, for they were fierce and wicked. All at once Maiketa

"Maiketa's courage returned, for the boy was no coward, and gathering up his baskets again, he went on. Suddenly, about twilight, he heard a twig crack, and his ears, being sharp, caught the sound of padded feet. Looking about he caught sight of Kai slipping in and out between the tree trunks, following.

"Maiketa knew that he must think quickly if he would save himself from his enemy. Seeing a great fallen log nearby, he placed his baskets on the ground not far off. Seizing a stout young tree of green wood, he took his knife and trimmed off all its small twigs and branches, leaving it a bare pole, as supple and as springy as his new ash bow. Putting all his weight upon it, he drew it down close to the fallen log, and hiding himself near the log, waited for Kai. Soon he heard the snarls. Kai was coming! Maiketa raised his head to peep, and the panther leaped, landing on the very spot where the boy's head had been the minute before. He gave Kai a loud thump upon his head with the hickory stick.

"Kai drew off for a minute, surprised and stunned by the blow. Soon he came creeping back towards the log and the bent tree, which had been held close behind the boy all this time. As soon as Maiketa saw knew that they were none other than those of Kai, the panther. Not losing courage, and hoping to frighten him, he threw on more sticks, making a high blaze. With a scream of anger, the panther leaped away; and Maiketa went to sleep again.

"Kai, the panther, did not mean to let Maiketa get away, for his sides were thin from fasting. All the next day, not very far behind him, the panther followed. At noon, becoming more angry and impatient, and unwilling to wait for darkness, the panther sprang out, wagging his tail angrily, and growling crossly.

"'Yeo, yeo,' wailed the boy, thinking his time had surely come; 'the panther will surely kill me. What shall I do?' Then quickly he whirled his long stick about and hurled all his baskets into the face of Kai. The big yellow cat was so surprised and frightened at this, that he leaped away into the forest.

Kai within range of the bent tree, he put all his weight upon its top, until it would bend no farther. Just as the panther, with a yell of triumph, leaped towards the boy again, Maiketa let go of the stout green pole. It snapped back as swiftly as an arrow flies from its bow, giving the panther a terrific blow between the eyes, as if he had been struck by a giant war god.

"When in five suns Maiketa returned to the wigwam of his grandmother, Nobo, he was a warrior returned from the camp of the enemy. Everybody soon knew that Maiketa alone had slain Kai, the dreaded panther. He had brought back the panther's tawny pelt with which old Nobo would line his new smock to keep him warm when Peboan the God of winter returned."

Thus finished the old chief as the two came in sight of the lodge smoke.

Robert White, '28.

## THE POND

The old pond by the village green  
Is fringed with willows grey,  
And round it bending rushes sigh,  
And merry children play.  
The white swan leads her stately brood  
Across its waters cool,  
And thirsty cattle pause to drink  
Beside the sunlit pool.

The village lads set little boats  
Asail upon its breast,  
Its colors change from blue to gold  
As sunset paints the west.  
And little winds, that come and go,  
Sigh through the rushes green,  
That round its farthest borders weave  
A close and pretty screen.

Reta Walls, '28.

## "WHAT YOU WILL"

One day as I was walking in an unknown land, I saw a magnificent castle with its highest tower hidden in the clouds. From the windows pretty colored banners were flapping gently in the breeze. As I approached it, the drawbridge with a groan slowly came down to let me pass over the moat. I found myself in a great courtyard with nothing but big red roses. I went into the main entrance and saw I was in a great hall that was colored a very bright red. This hall was one hundred feet high and three hundred feet by one hundred feet in length and width. I began to search for inhabitants but found none after I had looked the castle all over except in one place. It was the highest tower. I was very curious so I started up the stairs. I climbed steadily for two hours and then a surprising thing happened. The stairs shut up like shutters on a blind which made a steep chute of stone. Of course gravity pulled me down very swiftly, for inside of two minutes I was at the bottom. I was so out of breath from the ride that I leaned against the wall. I fell through into a marvelous elevator like those in big stores. I looked to see where I had fallen through, but all around me was solid wall. I turned the lever of the elevator and at a high rate of speed it started for the top.

After thirty minutes we came to an opening so I shut off the power and stepped into the same hall I had left thirty minutes ago.

I was somewhat surprised but I was determined to get to the top so I went out in the courtyard, made a kite, and to the string I hitched a rope. The kite went up

to the top, went around one of the braces, and fell back into my hands. One brace acted as a pulley and I pulled the string until the rope reached the top. I twirled the string three times and the rope tied itself to the brace. I started up the rope hand over hand. After doing this for three or four hours it grew monotonous, but just then I reached the top.

My greatest surprise was yet to come. Sitting on a sofa was a ghost. He was a skeleton covered with a black robe. He had before him on the floor a big bowl. I jumped from the tower and started to run, but I began to fall. I grabbed hold of my suspenders and immediately, I was floating slowly downward hanging onto a parachute. At the last minute I looked at the tower only to see the ghost eating a doughnut.

Frederick Crosby, '29.

## SPRING

Let me in. Good news I bring.  
Let me in, for I am spring.  
Softly sings the little stream.  
Life is an unending dream.

All the flowers of earth are springing,  
All the birds of heaven are singing,  
All is washed in morning dew,  
All the old world is new.

All is dancing, all delight,  
Never shone a sun so bright.  
Let me in. Good news I bring.  
Let me in, for I am spring.

Ruth Houser, '27.



## JUDGE NOT

A Drama in One Act

## CHARACTERS

Mr. John Roberts, a wealthy business man.  
Mrs. John Roberts, a plump, motherly woman.

Miss Betty Roberts, a wilful young girl, aged 18.

Mr. Roger Roberts, an adopted son, aged 24.

Place: Boston, Mass.

Time: August 28, 1927.

## SCENE

(The living room of the Roberts'. It is a spacious room furnished in a comfortable, modern way with large open windows, through which nod fragrant flowers. Mr. Roberts is standing in the center of the room holding a check in his hand. Mrs. Roberts is sitting near the window, mending.)

Mr. Roberts: (pacing up and down the room) Don't try to argue with me, Norma. Who else could have taken my name and forged it for twenty-five thousand dollars? Not one of my friends could have done so dishonorable an act. Why—

Mrs. Roberts: John, stop! How can you condemn that boy like that? You have known him almost all his life and still you can call him a thief! Why, you might just as well accuse Betty of stealing it.

Mr. Roberts: (placidity) There, there, Norma. Of course, you might be right and I may be mistaken but I ask you who else could have taken it? We know he had a motive. We know he wanted a motor boat. And when I told him I Wouldn't give him the money for it because I didn't believe in such foolish things for a boy who has his way to make in the world, he said he would give up the idea. But he probably was planning even then to take it.

Mrs. Roberts: (heatedly) John Roberts' I'm ashamed of you. The least you could do is to give the boy the benefit of the doubt. You even condemn him unheard. I suggest that you call him and let him defend himself.

Mr. Roberts: "You're right, Norma. I will do so. (he rings a bell and a servant appears.) Tell Roger to step into the living room. (The servant goes out.)

Mrs. Roberts: I am sure he can clear himself.

Roger: Did you want me, father?

Mr. Roberts: Yes. But I have no doubt you know the meaning of it. Stop, please do not interrupt until I am finished. Roger, will you please tell me why you forged my name to a check for twenty-five thousand?

Roger: (passionately) Father! Surely

you do not think that I did it? You have always been so good to me. Why, I—I couldn't do anything like that to you!

Mr. Roberts: (sadly) I would like to believe you, Roger, but I am afraid I can't. I will not hand you over to the authorities but I must request you to **leave** my house. You will please leave—at once.

(Roger leaves the room to pack, and Mrs. Roberts is sobbing in the chair when Betty enters.)

Betty: (breezily) Well, for the love of Lula! Why, the sob scene?

Mr. Roberts: (sternly) Betty! You will please speak in a more respectful manner to your mother. As to the meaning of the "sob scene," Roger is leaving us.

Betty: Leaving us! Why?

Mr. Roberts: Why—er—you see, he—well, in plain English he forged a check in my name for twenty-five thousand. Of course, after that I could not keep him so I—Why, Betty! What's the matter?

Betty: (laughing hysterically) Roger! Forge a check? Oh! That's rich! Well, before I'll see him turned out because of something he didn't do, I'll confess. Your charming daughter forged that check!

Mr. Roberts: (harshly) Betty, this is no time for dramatics. Of course, you didn't forge that check. Why should you? Haven't you all the money you need?

Betty: Yes, but have you forgotten that a few months back Jimmy Clainborne asked if he could marry me? You laughed and told him he needed more money first. Well, I decided to take that measly twenty-five; you wouldn't miss it and I needed it. Jimmy and I were to elope this afternoon. Now, of course, its all off. But I just wanted to prove that Roger didn't take it.

Mrs. Roberts: Betty, come with me. (Together they leave the room. Mr. Roberts sinks into a chair and covers his face. Roger enters)

Roger: I've come to say good-by. Why, Dad, what's the matter?

Mr. Roberts: Roger, will you ever forgive me for doubting your word? I—I have just found the real culprit and now I ask you to stay for Norma's sake.

Roger: Of course, I will.

Reta Walls, '28.

## FRIENDS

Make new friends, but keep the old,  
These are silver, those are gold.

Cherished friendship in your breast,  
New is good, but old is best.

Make new friends, but keep the old,  
These are silver, those are gold.

Irene McCarty, '30.

## WHEN A WOMAN'S "YES" MEANS "NO"

The stage represents the living room of the Mather home. A large Colonial fireplace is at the left, within which stand huge brass andirons. On the mantle are brass candlesticks, and hanging directly above is an old-fashioned portrait of a handsome lad. Scattered about the room are many easy chairs; in the center back towers an old grandfather's clock. To the left of the clock is the window, crossbarred and draped with chintz.

As the curtain rises, Mrs. Mather is standing at the window, angrily facing a young man who has just sunk into one of the easy chairs. Mrs. Mather also wears a rather puzzled look as she does not know who this man is that the maid, Tessie, had a few minutes previously admitted into her house.

Young Man: This is Mrs. Mather? I am Charles Manning, a salesman from the Dakota Publishing Company.

Mrs. Mather (haughtily): I am Mrs. Mather, but I do not care for anything today. I believe you failed to tell Tessie your business or she would not have admitted you.

Mr. Manning (protesting): No indeed, Mrs. Mather, it is not necessary for you to buy anything today. I am sure you will be interested to see our display of new books. It is the best yet.

Mrs. Mather (determinedly): You are only wasting your time and mine. I never buy books from peddlers. My husband is in the book business and gets all his reading material at half-price.

Salesman (eagerly): Oh, I am sure he can't get any books like these.

Mrs. Mather: I'm sure he can. He always tells me never to bother to buy books, but just give him the names and he will get them himself.

Salesman (quickly): But you see, madam, these are a special value. Nowhere have you seen anything like it. (proceeds to open up his satchel and bring forth his wares) Here is a beautifully bound book of our latest novel, "The Broken Heart", by Edgar Rice. It is well illustrated. Here is a mystery story that possibly your husband would enjoy. He will not stop reading until he reaches the final page, I assure you, for it is very thrilling. It is "The Tenth" by Simpson.

Mrs. Mather (shaking her head): I do not read much and my husband despises mystery stories. There is nothing I want today.

Book-agent (still persisting): Well, here is a Bible, strongly bound and filled with wonderful, colored pictures. This is a necessity in every home. You should not—

Mrs. Mather (interrupting): We have

several Bibles that are just as well bound. You can not show me anything I would care for.

Book-agent: I am sure you haven't one of these Companion Cook Books. It is filled with wonderful recipes and they are all very inexpensive to use. They are selling this week for two dollars and a half. I know you will be proud to own one of these.

Mrs. Mather (frostily): I use only Fanny Farmer's Cook Book and am well satisfied with that.

Mr. Manning (in despair): Have you any children or maybe a nephew or niece who would, I am sure, be overjoyed to have a set of these Bunny Books or perhaps one of our special size painting outfits?

Mrs. Mather (blushing): I have no children and my niece has just celebrated her birthday and I have already given her a gift. (Just at this moment Betty, her daughter, came rushing into the room.

Betty, (excitedly): Oh mother, mother Janey's going to have a party and I'm invited. See here it is (displaying the tiny pink invitation)

(Mrs. Mather, looking mortified to death, gazed around the room as if seeking a place to flee.)

Book-agent (quickly seizing this moment to conquer his victory): This is just what your little girl wants, Mrs. Mather. You must buy now as you may never again get such a good offer. They are only three dollars a set. Surely you think they're worth it?

Mrs. Mather (leaning forward to get one of the books): Well, I suppose I might look at them again.

Salesman (brightening up as one with new hopes, rises in order to show Mrs. Mather the books good qualities): See, here are the colored pictures that are a great help in explaining the story better to the little readers. Also note the good size print that the little ones may not strain their eyes. Would you like a set?

Mrs. Mather (nodding): Yes, I guess I'll take one—

Book-agent (rushing on now that he has won the first point): And one of these cook-books. I know you'll always be delighted with it.

Mrs. Mather (weakly, seeing no other way to get rid of this agonizing salesman): Well, I never use anything but Fanny Farmer's, but I'll take one of yours.

(Mrs. Mather leaves the room to get her pocket book; Betty follows her.

Mr. Manning (smiling and talking to himself): A perfect victory and well fought, too. Bless her daughter for coming in just when I had about given up. Well, let me see who is next (drawing a slip of paper



from his pocket): Hm, Mrs. Hanson, Well, I hope she is easier than this one.

(Enter Mrs. Mather with exact change, so she need not keep the agent any longer than necessary. Silently she hands it to him).

Agent (bowing his way out of the room): I know you will be well satisfied. Let us know if you need any other books. Also you might write us and tell us how you are enjoying your cook-book. Good day.

(Mrs. Mather wearily sinks into the nearest chair after this trying ordeal: I wonder what my husband will say.

Helen Gray, '28.

### WHEN THE ENGINE STALLED

One night as I sat on the edge of my bed, I began to think how wonderful it would be to be a boy. Boys could be tough and rough, but girls have to behave just so. All of a sudden I saw a light in the corner of my room. I opened my mouth to scream but no utterance came from my lips. The next thing I saw was a lady dressed in diamonds. She was the fairy of the spirits.

At last my dream was fulfilled; she changed me into a boy. One wave of her magic wand and there I stood all dressed in boy's shoes, stockings, trousers, shirt, and aviator's cap. In return for this I had to take a human companion and go to the moon, bringing back with me some of the diamond crystals for her gown.

I grabbed my fur coat, rushed out of the house, looked up and down the street, grabbed the first boy I met, and hurried into my back yard. There, floating on the empty air was an airplane, the shape of a crescent. I got in, pulled the somewhat astounded and astonished boy after me, and we were gone.

After traveling for about thirty days, and I think seventy nights, we reached the planet known as the moon. I do not recollect what we ate on the way or how we managed the machine. I think it traveled by the spirits of the fairies and we lived on the empty air. The climate was very hot and I felt like a frying potato in the frying pan. My companion was too burned to speak and I couldn't for lack of a tongue. The moon was inhabited by funny creatures that had about seventy legs and fifty eyes. There were a great many mountains made of sugar, and seas made of ink.

I perceived a closed door and decided to investigate what was in back of it. Although this door was made of glass, my eyes could not see through it. We found

we could pass through it; so we did. We went to the airplane, started the engine and then picked the crystals from the glass trees. Next we started home. But alas! What did we see—a great black pit beneath us. The engine stalled. Slowly, slowly we began to roll and coast toward the pit. Faster we went as we gathered speed. Thump, bump, bumpity, bump. I stared about me. Where on earth was I? I was recalled to my senses in a few minutes by my mother's voice, calling, "Well, Hazel Tibbetts, what on earth are you doing? The idea of a girl as old as you falling out of bed!"

Slowly and thoughtfully I crawled back to bed, saying, "That's what happened when the engine stalled."

Hazel Tibbetts.

### THE SCHOOL MOUSE

In a corner room of Sumner High  
Is heard a scratching near by  
The pupils are quiet, the way is clear,  
And bye and bye a mouse doth appear.

It raids the basket by the door,  
It rattles papers on the floor;  
Till one of the Juniors, not afraid,  
Thinks he will end this serenade.

He's out of his seat in a gingerly way,  
Clutches the basket as mousie's at play,  
And now with a bounce it's into its house,  
But that's not the end of the poor little mouse.

It comes out each day, and has no fear  
Of the many people who are so near;  
Though with chocoate, its tempted, this mouse replies,  
"If kill is your motive, take someone your size.

"I like in this room and here I'll remain,  
You folks can move out if I drive you insane;  
If one of your number should manage to kill,  
There are plenty of others who my place will fill".

Constance Brown, '28.

Father: "You look pale, son, what's bothering you?"

Gordon: "Rheumatism. We had it in spelling to-day and I spelled it wrong."



## THE FLOOD

One day a few short weeks ago  
 While I was watching the flowers grow,  
 I chanced to think of the middle west  
 Where now a thousand dead do rest;  
 Of the horror, the fear of that awful flood  
 Which killed many men without spilling  
 blood.  
 How it grew so quickly,  
 And poured so thickly  
 O'er hills, valleys and small towns,  
 How it came rushing and pouring down  
 O'er every city and town  
 For miles and miles around  
 Oh! how the water spread  
 While the stricken fled  
 From the places where they earned their  
 daily bread.  
 The Red Cross Corps their mercy plied,  
 But even then some hundreds died.  
 Oh! God above, thy mercy give  
 To those who in this area live.

Jessie Beers, '28.

Our brave "Lucky Lindy" flew over the sea  
 In his little air ship the St. Louie,  
 He left us one early morning in May,  
 And we waited and watched for news all  
 that day.

U. S. saw him when he left the ground  
 And wished him success for his great big  
 bound  
 For Lindy was courageous and daring and  
 bold  
 And would go against anything, even hun-  
 ger and cold.

"Lucky Lindy" had the ocean well in his  
 grip  
 For he took not a soul with him on his trip  
 He flew all night and the next day, too,  
 And only he knew how fast he flew.

When at last he finished his flight,  
 He found Paris ablaze with light.  
 The people were shouting and crying with  
 joy,  
 At the great success of our big boy.

Our Lindy has made a big sensation  
 He has put a friendship between two big  
 nations.  
 Something U. S. will put at the top,  
 Our boy was the first to make the big hop.

Pauline Blanchard, '30.

## MY SISTER'S BEAU

My sister's beau is tall and thin,  
 I think his name is Beanpole Jim.  
 They like each other mighty well  
 And, gee, don't sister think he's swell.

He dresses in a light tan suit  
 Which every one thinks is surely a beaut.  
 One Sunday when he came to tea,  
 He really was a sight to see.

He looked just like a fashion plate.  
 Although he was a little late,  
 My sister met him at the door,  
 And looked at him three times or more.

We fed him on the best of food  
 And put him in a jolly mood.  
 Then to my Pa he said so quickly  
 "I'd like to marry your dear Nellie."

This Pa refused and home sent Jim  
 While Nellie's eyes were wet and dim.  
 So this is why Miss Nellie Haid  
 Still remains the town's old maid.

Jessie Beers, '28.

## IDEAL BASEBALL

Waters slid into the plate,  
 All safe he had no doubt,  
 And then he heard the umpire state  
 In growling tones, "You're out!"  
 He quickly scrambled to his feet;  
 A roar came from the stands,  
 And then—Waters smiled so sweet,  
 The umpire shook his hands.

Then Hiltz walked into the box,  
 And scanned the batters o'er.  
 Then with his mighty arm he knocked  
 The batters out once more.

Then Callahan strode up to the pan;  
 The pitcher hurled the ball,  
 Callahan swung the mighty man,  
 And socked it over the wall.  
 And as he circled 'round the path,  
 All knew the game was won.  
 The pitcher laughed a hearty laugh,  
 As he knew it was a home run.

Christina Callahan, '30.

If you want to go to the kind of school  
 Like the kind of school you like,  
 You needn't slip your books in a grip  
 And start on a long, long hike.  
 You'll only find what you've left behind,  
 For there's nothing that's really new.  
 It's a knock at yourself when you knock  
 your school—  
 It isn't the school; it's you.

Maybelle Sears, '28.

**"IF"**

If you can bravely face each awful midyear  
 And risk your chances on an earnest try  
 And flunk, and still believe your teacher  
 dear  
 And never kick or even breathe a sigh,  
 If you can make your brain work when  
 you're tired,  
 And get that Math, and French, and Eng-  
 lish, too,  
 And ever though they leave your comrad  
 mired,  
 Don't let that same fate get its hands on  
 you,  
 If you can talk to friends and be a true  
 one,  
 Or meet the principal and know him, too,  
 If you can know that all your work's well  
 done  
 And all you have belongs to only you,  
 If you can fill each fleeting study period  
 With forty minutes worth of knowledge  
 won,  
 Then yours is the school, and all you find  
 in it,  
 And what is more, you'll graduate, my son.  
 Elizabeth Fulton, '28.

**THE MAN IN THE MOON**

Oh, the man in the Moon is a sailor man  
 bold,  
 A sailor man old and wise;  
 And he steers his beautiful craft of gold  
 Through billowy couldy skies.  
 He pilots his bark the long night through  
 And glides between planet and star,  
 And he knows where the current runs swift  
 and true  
 And just where the cloud rocks are.

Yo-ho! for the man in the Moon so bold.  
 He's a mariner old and wise  
 Who pilots his precious bark of gold  
 Through the blue and silver skies.  
 Maybelle Sears, '28.

Do it today and it will be done.  
 Do not wait for another one,  
 For it will never come.

Do it today.  
 Do not wait until your friends come.  
 Do it yourself and it will be done.  
 Do not say, "I'll do it later."  
 Do it today.

It isn't too early yet,  
 Use your brains and do it today.  
 Do not say my friends will help.  
 Do it yourself.  
 Do it today.

Francis Mack, '30.

**MY OPINION**

There is nothing that's equal to sliding  
 down hill.  
 When boys are together,  
 Hurrah for cold weather!  
 There is nothing like sliding down hill!

A good game of ball is a capital thing  
 To keep up one's spirits, I think, in the  
 spring;  
 When the wind is just right  
 I like flying a kite;

I would make no objections to owning a  
 gun;  
 And in going out rowing there's plenty of  
 fun,  
 And then, fishing is jolly when the fishes  
 bite—  
 But to take the year through, let them say  
 what they will,  
 There is nothing that's equal to sliding  
 down hill!

To birds of my feather.  
 Hurrah for cold weather!  
 There is nothing like winter  
 And sliding down hill!

Stanley Salter, '28.

**A LITTLE TREE**

Dear little tree that we see today,  
 What will you be when we're old and gray?  
 "The savings bank of the squirrel and  
 mouse,  
 For robin and wren an apartment house,  
 The dressing room for the butterfly's ball,  
 The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,  
 The schoolgirl's tent in the July moon.  
 And my leaves shall whisper then merrily,  
 A tale of the children who planted me."  
 Helen Townsend, '27.

**SPRING**

We're thinkink now of Spring so near,  
 Although old Winter still is here  
 But when the snow is off the track,  
 Your coat can hang upon the rack.

Just toss your hat out in the hall,  
 Grab your sweater, and then,—play ball.  
 Your arm will get all stiff and sore,  
 But never mind, just ask for more.

Go out and win the old broad jump,  
 Land on your head and raise a lump,  
 Get your rackets and tennis net.  
 We're out to win this year, you bet!

The track is soft with mud, and wet;  
 But just keep on, and we're all set,  
 Perhaps you think this is a dream,  
 But just you watch our new ball team.  
 Robert White, '28.

# School Notes



## SENIOR HANDICRAFT CLUB

Back row: Marguerite Rollin, Evelyn Nile, Ursula Walsh, and Gladys Packard.  
Front row: Mildred Tibbetts, Ruth Houser and Helen Townsend.

## SUMNER HIGH SCHOOL MOVIES

"The Three Muskateers"	George-Kearns-Hiltz
"Casey at the Bat"	Callahan
"The Third Degree"	Senior English Period
"The Strong Man"	Breil
"Vanities"	Senior Girls
"The Collegians"	Senior Boys
"The Music Master"	Miss Murphy
"Those Who Judge"	Our Teachers

Beatrice Loud was evidently taking her first ride on the train. The conductor came through the car yelling, "Tickets, please," and after some embarrassment she handed him her ticket.

Soon after a train boy came into the car crying "Chewing gum." Beatrice turned to her companion and said, "Goodness, do I have to give up that, too?"



## SCHOOL CALENDAR

Jan. 17. Junior Class sleigh ride! A good time was had by all.

Jan. 19. Echo entertains the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications.

Jan. 25. Some Junior and Senior boys stage a walk-out.

Jan. 26. Echo runs a "Hot Dog" sale with good results.

Feb. Juniors receive their class rings with joy and pride.

Feb. 18. Seniors give their class play which was the best ever.

Feb. 18. Beginning of a week's vacation in which to rest our weary minds.

Feb. 28. Back to school again with many pleasant memories.

Mar. 7. Another Echo "Hot Dog Sale." They go over "big."

Mar. 16. Sale of magazines starts with everybody eager to win.

Mar. 23. Echo visits North Easton at a League Meeting. The stunts were dandy. Let's have them again.

Mar. 23. Magazine contest ends today. The results were good but not so good as last year.

April 14. Off for a few days, but not a week, Easter Vacation.

April 20. Back again. The formation of a Girls' Track team. Eight girls reported back.

April 21. Girls' Track Team practice. More girls report back. Looks as though it was going to be a good thing.

April 22. Junior Class Dance. This was something to write home to the folks.

May 4. The Glee Club follows in the footsteps of the Echo, by running a "Hot Dog Sale."

May 10. First Track Meet of the season. Freshmen versus Sophomores. Freshmen win.

May 18. Another Track Meet. Avon versus Holbrook, with a score 31—19 in favor of Holbrook. We certainly have some athletes.

May 24. School Exhibition at the Town Hall.

Dorothy Huskins, '28.

Our new school is coming along fast,  
Ah, girls, look! where there used to be grass.

Isn't that the prettiest structure you've ever seen

With its red brick wall, and vines so green?

Dorothy Ahearn, '29.

## THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club, formed the latter part of January for the benefit of the Juniors and Seniors, has been a decided success this year. The Club has had two afternoon parties, one on Saint Valentine's Day, and the other on St. Patrick's day. Both were well attended and enjoyed. At both parties Hazel Tibbetts, accompanied by Katherine McCool, rendered violin selections. At the St. Patrick's day party Charles Dornan and Hazel Tibbetts contributed some fine violin duets. Games fitting for the day were played. On St. Valentine's day names were drawn and valentines given. Sandwiches and punch were served. On St. Patrick's day the refreshments were in harmony with the occasion; shamrock cookies and ice cream were enjoyed.

Through the Commercial Club a speaker was obtained to address us pertaining to getting and holding a position in a business house. Mr. Wragg, who comes from the General Electric Co. in Boston, and obtained for us by Mr. Roy Smith, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, gave a very interesting and extremely useful talk. I am very sure everyone got some helpful hints from his speech.

On June 6, the Commercial Club is planning to go on a hike to Weymouth Pond where we will spend a few hours as we plan to leave about four o'clock, bring our supper to cook, and return in the evening.

On the whole the newly organized Commercial Club with Dorothy Mann as President and Helene Zoebisch as secretary has been successful this year and hopes to be more active in the future with the help of those who will take up the work.

The work of Miss Collins and Miss Damon as our advisers has been appreciated by all the club members. We hope they have enjoyed this organization as much as we.

Katherine McCool, '28.

## MIDYEARS AT SUMNER

Shall I ever forget the dark examination days

When I puzzled o'er some History or perhaps a Latin phrase?

When fate decreed that just the questions I'd ignored

Should cover with triumphant air the whole front board?

When I bit my fountain pen with a woeful puckered face

And wrote nonsense just to fill some vacant space?

Ruth E. Dyer, '30.

## FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshman Class had a Class Meeting a while ago and chose for their colors Blue and Gold, but found that they will have to change them because the Sophomores have Blue and Gold. They also decided that Evelyn Salter is to be marshal at graduation.

Many of our Class are on the Track Team. Of the girls there are Penelope Hutchinson, Dorothy Brown, Marion Wilbur, Edith Johnson, Florence Reichert, Verna Thomas, and Anna McCarthy. Of the boys there are Charles Waters, Carlton Waters, Charles Dornan, Wallace Hancock, Henry Drummond, and Morris Waldman. The Pole Vaulters are Francis Mack and Charles Dornan. Only two of our boys are on the Baseball Team. They are Charles and Carlton Waters.

Dorothy Brown.

## Joining the "Freshies"

As a Freshman, I joined the ranks  
Of dear old Sumner High  
With a lot of other "Freshies",  
We thought we'd take a try.

And all to soon the month has come  
For us to say Good-bye  
We hope all will answer the call,  
When September days draw nigh—.  
Ora L. Randall '30.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

After Initiation things were quiet in the Sophomore Class until recently when a Class meeting was called and a committee was chosen to select a Class Banner. The committee was: Hazel, Tibbetts, Dorothy Burns, and Claire Roach. At the next meeting the banner was selected. This has on a blue background a red rose, the class flower, and in gold letters the Class motto, "Il faut travailler pour conquerir".

The Sophomore Class is well represented in athletics. Lawrence Dalton, Thomas Ahearn, and George Sears are on the Baseball team. Thomas Ahearn is the only Sophomore on the Tennis Team. Edward Sanger, Henry Richardson, and Basil Martin are on the Track Team. Henry Richardson was put out for a while because of a sprained ankle but he now is O. K.

During this school year the Sophomore Class has lost seven of its members which brings the total membership of the class to forty-nine. Those who have left are: Raymond Kearns, Alfred Sanders, Mabel Joyce, from the College Course; Archie Perrault, Bruce Cambell, Richard Higgins, and Franklin Mielt from the Commercial Course. We have added a new member, Robert Moody, who has taken a mixed course.

## SOPHOMORE SECRETS

We're the class of twenty-nine  
We're merry, jolly, and bright  
Below are given some reasons  
Why we are in the light.

Adelaide, our president  
Is a clever girlie, too.  
Teachers all depend on her,  
She knows just what to do.

Basile Martin is the boy  
Who always knows a joke.  
And sometimes he is naughty,  
And teacher does provoke.

Dotty Ahearn is the one  
Who always has the beaux,  
In class sometimes she talks too much,  
But "gets by" each one knows.

John McKay, our curly head,  
Is small and very shy.  
Perhaps when he is grown up,  
He won't be, by and by.

And then comes little Louise  
She USED to be so shy!  
But now she even goes out nights.  
She's grown up, my, oh my!

"Bobby" Joyce is our class sheik  
He comes from Brookville town.  
He is a very nice young lad  
With sweaters red, green, and brown.

Alma Cummings, '29.

E. Niles: I am so sorry mother, but I cannot get the dinner ready?

Mother: "Well, I would like to know why not?"

E. Niles: "Didn't you order roast beef and gravy?"

Mother: "Yes, why?"

E. Niles: "Well, the butcher sent up the roast but not a drop of gravy".

## JUNIOR CLASS

On January 17, 1927, the Junior Class voted to have a sleigh ride that same evening. Cora Johnson and Katherine McCool, as the committee, made arrangements, securing a sleigh from Abington. Twenty-five Juniors attended and had a rousing good time even if they were crowded like sardines into a space large enough to accommodate about twelve. Miss Damon and Migs Megley of the faculty also enjoyed (or appeared to enjoy) these very close quarters. Delicious (?) hot chocolate, lollypops, and peanuts were obtained in Rockland. The Brookville members had a little something on the Holbrooks because they combined a hike with their ride.

The Junior Class has lost through sickness, two of its members, Ingrid Rosenquist and Charles (Brud) Ferguson. Brud hasn't been with us since Christmas and Ingrid since April. However, both are now on the road to recovery, and we hope to see their smiling faces at dear old Sumner next September.

On April 22, 1927, the Junior Class held the first Class Prom in the Town Hall. This was well attended and enjoyed by all. The hall was prettily decorated with the class colors, cerise and white, and the stage was banked with beautiful red roses and palms.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison and Miss Megley were the guests of honor.

The Marimba Orchestra from Boston, furnished music for the Dance. Games such as Paul Jones and Cut Ins were the features of the evening. These proved to be extremely popular.

The Prom lasting from 8 to 12 was deemed a decided success by the many who attended.

It is the duty of the Juniors to decorate the hall for the Senior graduation and reception. Seniors, see if this year's Juniors aren't the best ever as decorators.

Katherine McCool.

Juniors, Jolly Juniors, we,  
Used to fun and jollity,  
Never known to care a pin  
If we're fat or if we're thin.  
On our way we gaily run  
Right through classes, games, and fun.  
Gosh; but '28 is going some.

Maybelle Sears, '28.

Beth: "I want to buy a pencil."  
Clerk: "Hard or soft?"  
Beth: "Hard, it's for a stiff exam."

## SENIOR CLASS NOTES

On Friday evening at Holbrook Town Hall on February 20, 1927 the Senior Class presented its annual drama, a three act play, entitled "When a Fellow Needs a Friend". The characters as they appear are as follows:

Tom Denker .....	Norman Hiltz
Bob Mills .....	Francis Kearns
Jerry .....	Peter George
Mrs. Reese .....	Mary Reichert
Liz .....	Evelyn Niles
Bing .....	Arnold Nylander
Aunt Alice .....	Dorothy Clark
Elaine .....	Mildred Tibbetts
Uncle William .....	Norman Briel
Angeline Scott .....	Helen Townsend

Candy was sold at intermission by the remaining girls of the Senior Class. No other drama given could compare with this one. It was the best ever.

On Wednesday afternoon in the high school auditorium on March 13, 1927, the Senior French Dramatic Club presented a one act play, entitled, *La Suprîs d' Isadore*. The actors and actresses were chosen from the various French classes of the school. The characters were as follows:

Adolphe Pickard .....	Alfred Saunders
Suzanne, his wife .....	Dorothy Clark
Isadore "Doc's" friend .....	Basil Martin
Mme Duval .....	Mildred Tibbetts
Jeanne .....	Alma Cummings

This is the first time we have ever produced a French play.

Refreshments were served by members of the club.

On May 24, 1927, at Holbrook Town Hall, the Senior Handicraft Club exhibited their work for the year. There were trays, lamp shades, and bases, baskets and swedish weaving.

Mildred Tibbetts and Helen Townsend received gold pins. Margueriete Rollins and Ursula Walsh received silver pins. No one received bronze pins.

GLADYS PACKARD,  
Senior Class Representative.

The following Senior girls have been awarded pins by a typewriting company for obtaining speed and accuracy: Rose McCarthy, Mary Reichert, Beatrice Loud, Beatrice Odom.

The following girls have obtained certificates: Marguerite Rollins, Anna Rosenberg, Phroso George, Helene Zoebisch.

Herbert Reckords—Look at the people, aren't they numerous?

Helene Zoebisch—Yes, and aren't there a lot of them?



A TRIP TO BOSTON

Six members of the Senior Class, with Miss Megley as chaperone, met at the Holbrook Station, and went on the twelve forty-two train to Boston. At South Braintree, two other members joined us, and we had a very delightful time laughing and chatting. At South Station, two more members brought our complete group to the number of ten. We then went on the subway train to the theatre, and this caused great excitement among the girls to whom this was a new experience.

We entered the Repertory Theatre at two-thirty, to see Shakespeare's greatest tragedy, "Macbeth." The Porter Scene was the only thing that caused any merriment and it caused much laughter throughout the house. The actor, taking the part of Macbeth was wonderful. Such emotions and actions as displayed by this man, I have never seen before. The weirdness of the witch scenes fascinated me very much, and when the curtain first went up with the thunder and lightning going on, a shiver of joy and expectation ran through me.

After the play, we were taken on an inspection tour around the theatre. We were first taken to the Repertory Hall, where outside clubs give dances, luncheons, etc. We also visited the library, rehearsal room, green room, and back stage. This tour was most interesting and enjoyable.

About five-thirty, we started to walk around Boston, visiting three hotels in our journey. The first hotel we visited was the Copley Plaza. This hotel is very wonderful inside, much more so than the Touraine and the Brunswick.

After having something to eat in Schraft's Ice Cream Parlor, we took the seven-thirty-five train to Holbrook. We had just as good a time coming home on the train as we had all day long. We had an unexpected pleasure when we got off the train as Mr. Tibbetts was waiting to drive us to our homes.

Mary Reichert, '27.

THE HUNTERS

One hundred years ago today,  
With wilderness here,  
With powder in his gun, the man  
Went out and got the deer.

But now the thing is somewhat changed,  
And on another plan;  
With powder on her cheeks, the dear  
Goes out and gets the man.

Helen Gray.

GOODBYE TO S. H. S.

This is the last year in high school  
For the class of '27  
And tender memories linger,  
Dear S. H. S. of thee.  
Happy days of joy and sunshine  
Have we spent within your walls;  
Many times we've fondly lingered  
In your corridors and halls;  
And now that our toil is over,  
And the goal we sought is near,  
We cannot but feel sorry  
That our life is over here.  
Wherever we go on life's journey,  
Our memory will fondly return  
To these dear days of S. H. S.,  
And oftimes our hearts will yearn  
To be back within your portals  
And share in your life so free.  
Yes, we'll often long to be back again,  
Dear S. H. S. with thee.

Beatrice Loud.

Mr. Neal—"You missed class yesterday, didn't you?"

Kearns—"Not at all, not at all."

EXCHANGE

The following papers have been received by the Echo:

The Chimes .....	Scituate
The Mattakeesett .....	Pembroke
The Climber .....	West B'water
The Students Pen .....	East B'water
The Clipper .....	Barnstable
The Red and Black .....	Whitman
The Abhis .....	Abington
The Herald .....	Westfield
The Unquity Echo .....	Milton
The Eastoner .....	North Easton
The Parrot .....	Rockland
The Southern Bell .....	Somerville
The Western Star ....	West Somerville

COMMENTS

**The Clipper**—An interesting paper. Your literary department is to be praised.

**The Students Pen**—Your ads show work on the part of the advertising manager. Why not have a few more jokes?

**The Red and Black**—Your editorial section was rather small.

**The Climber**—Why not enlarge your alumna department?

**The Mattakeesett**—We enjoyed your paper. We hope you will be able to enlarge your exchange department.

**The Chimes**—An interesting paper. Your poetry was an outstanding feature.

## ALUMNI NOTES

1926

Of this class, nine have entered and completed their first year in higher institutions of learning: John Kearns, Brown; Frank White, Amherst Agricultural College; Wesley Paine, Boston University; and Alice Hickey and Ethel Mayers, Bridgewater Normal. Frank White made a record on the Track Team, is Vice-President of his class, and is on the receiving committee for entertaining visiting athletes. John Kearns has also made a record on the track. John is making a reputation as a half-miler at Brown. In the dual meet with the Rhode Island State yearlings recently he romped home a winner in the 880, in two minutes, 1 1-5 seconds, a track record. He also took second in the mile, being nosed out by Sittler, his team mate.

The first year course in the technical schools has been completed by Robert Leonard, John Greenhatch, and Bertil Johnson, Northeastern University; Winthrop Roberts, Burdett Business College; Ethel Harris, Bryant & Stratton Business College.

Dorothy Ferguson, Helen Boardman, Lillian Lakewitz and Blanche Hadfield represent the Commercial Division of the class as stenographers in offices in Boston.

Beatrice Odom is completing a Post-Graduate course. Viola Niles is employed by the Brockton Telephone Exchange.

1925

Elton Briel is at Harvard; Roy Johnson, Brown; Alfred Therrien, Northeastern; and Thelma Peterson of Bridgewater Normal has been training in the Brockton schools.

1924

Dorothy Hayden, Radcliffe College; Edith Leach, Boston Art School; Ellis Johnson, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Ellis Johnson, who was Editor of the Echo, is on the staff of the "Tech," the school publication of Technology. Rita Briel is teaching in Brockton.

1923

Margaret Dalton, Boston University; Shirley Stevens, Brown University; Marie Briel, teaching in Whitman; Irma Faxon has received her degree as R.N. and has also changed her name to Mrs. Kenneth Chester.

Ruth Houser, '27.

Beth: "Airships will be all the rage soon".

Kay: "Well, it is nothing unusual for people to fly in a rage now-a-days."

\* \* \* \*

Hazel: "I wonder what makes so many letters go to the dead letter office?"

Helene: "Why, I suppose it's because the addresses are so perfectly killing".

## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Dorothy Ahearn teaching school.  
Alice Anglin as a flapper.  
Marguerite Boronian not creating a laugh.  
Agnes Borton with her hair curled.  
Arlene Cross without her hair combed.  
Alma Cummings without a beau.  
Dorothy Field not dolled up.  
Marcia Grindle being sarcastic.  
Adelaide Hadfield answering back.  
Evelyn Hill quarreling.  
Louise Hutchins not making eyes at Harvey.  
Martha Kierstead being disagreeable.  
Rita Levangie being bold.  
Marjorie Meara without an answer for Mr. Neal.

Claire Roach not being popular.  
Evelyn Rosenquist as a flirt.  
Dorothy Sullivin being on time in the morning.

Hazel Tibbetts not being polite.  
Edith Weatherby getting sociable.  
Thomas Ahern without his sweater.

George Austin without his Ford.  
Lawrence Dalton being precise.  
Lawrence Duggin being on time.  
Frederick Crosby as a sheik.

Karl Hiltz with a broad grin.  
Joseph Hooker not borrowing a ruler.  
Harvey Hutchinson when he's not arguing.  
Ralph Joyce being fresh.

Merton Mann not pestering someone.  
Basil Martin not being bashful.  
Ursula and Rose staying in nights.

The Senior Class not giggling.

Thorndike's hair mussed up.

Norman Hiltz with a girl.

Robert Jardine in knickers.

Marion Wilbur being grouchy.

Miss Megley not assigning home work over a vacation.

The senior stenographers being grouchy.

Peter with straight hair.

Beatrice Loud talking in Typewriting Class.

Chet not blushing.

Helen T. coming to school without a new joke.

Mildred with her lessons unprepared.

Beth with long dresses.

The Baseball Team without the Waters Brothers.

The Senior Class using study periods to advantage.

Rose not looking for a fountain pen.

Herbert getting to school five or ten minutes early.

Rose without Ursula.

Doris Pettee talking loud.

Peter not being late **once** during the week.

Gladys out walking alone on Sunday nights.

The Senior Class taking Post Graduate courses.

Our new high school.



## TRACK

On May 18th, the Holbrook boys' and girls' vs. the Avon boys' and girls' track teams took place on the Holbrook playgrounds and the Holbrook teams defeated the Avon teams.

The boys of Holbrook entirely defeated the Avon boys, not allowing them to score one point.

The boys' score is as follows:

Name	50-yd.	100-yd.	H. Jump	Broad Jump	Relay	Points
Waters .....	6/5	/3	/3	15-4/5		16
Drummond .....				14-6/3		3
Hancock .....	/3	/1	/5	/1		10
Krastin .....	/1	/5				6
White .....			/1			1
Krastin, Hancock, Drummond, Waters					/5	1
Total						41

## GIRLS' SCORE

Name	50 yd.	H. Jump	B. Jump	Basket Ball	Base Ball	Total	Avon	Holb.
Krupka	/1						5	
Mapp	/3						3	
Roach	/5							1
West		3-10/5						5
Heath		3 9/3					3	
Richards		3- 8/1					1	
Hill				57'/5	153'/5			10
Thomas				55'/3				3
Johnson				50'/1				1
Wilbur			11-4 1/2/5					5
Heath			11-4 /3				3	
Hutchins			11-3 1/2/1					1
Edgerton					123'/3		3	
Morriel					109'/1		1	
Johnson, Reichert, Wilbur, Roach						/5		5
Total							19	31

Roger: How far is it to the depot?

Ladd: A five minute walk if you run.

Mr. Morrison: "What is a square?"

F. Smith: "A round triangle with four sides."





#### GIRL'S TRACK TEAM

Anna Mc Carthy, Dorothy Brown, Louise Hutchins, Dorothy Ahearn, Dorothy Huskins, Florence Reichert, Edith Johnson, Marion Wilbur, Hazel Tibbetts, Cora Johnson, Claire Roach, Marion Hill, Verna Thomas, Miriam West and Reta Walls.



#### BOYS' TRACK TEAM

Edward Sanger, Captain, Wallace Hancock, William Calahan, Alfred Krastin Kendall Briel, Basile Martin, Charles Waters Henry Richardson.

## TENNIS

## WEST BRIDGEWATER VS HOLBROOK

## At Holbrook

White and Reckards defeated Belledean and Farrar, 6 - 2, 6 - 2.

Ahern defeated Farrar, 6 - 1, 6 - 1.

Jardine defeated Emerson, 6 - 3, 6 - 3.

White defeated Belledean, 6 - 0, 6 - 0.

## WEST BRIDGEWATER VS HOLBROOK

## At West Bridgewater

Reckards and Jardine defeated Farrar and Belledean, 6 - 0, 6 - 0.

Ahern defeated Emerson, 6 - 3, 6 - 0.

Reckards defeated Baker, 6 - 0, 6 - 0.

Jardine defeated Farrar.

At the Brockton Y.M.C.A. on June 6

## WHITMAN VS HOLBROOK

Reckards and White defeated Newcomb and Uston, 6 - 1, 6 - 0.

Jardine and Ahern defeated Marsh and Lewis, 6 - 4, 7 - 5.

Reckards defeated Newcomb 6 - 3, 6 - 0.

White defeated Surdam, 6 - 3, 6 - 4.

Ahern defeated Simpson, 6 - 0, 6 - 1.

Other tennis matches are scheduled for June 6, North Easton vs Holbrook at North Easton, and Weymouth vs Holbrook at Holbrook, June 15.

At the rate Holbrook has played the games so far this season, it looks as though we would win all the games.

Hazel Tibbetts.

## BASEBALL

The Sumner nine has been quite successful this year in winning games. Out of the nine games already played this year, Sumner has won six of them.

The schedule follows:

May....Holbrook vs. Cohasset.

May 3—Avon at Holbrook.

May 6—E. Bridgewater at Holbrook.

May 13—Norwell at Holbrook.

May 17—E. Bridgewater at E. Bridgewater.

May 20—Avon at Avon.

May 24—W. Bridgewater at W. Bridgewater.

May 26—Hanover at Holbrook.

May 31—Norwell at Norwell.

June 1—W. Bridgewater at W. Bridgewater.

June 3—Thayer at Thayer.

June 7—W. Bridgewater at Holbrook.

June 14—Hanover at Hanover.

June 17—Sacred Heart at Holbrook.

June 22—Norwell at Holbrook.

Summary of the games already played follows:

## Holbrook vs. Cohasset

Name	ab	hits	runs
Sears, lf.....	3	0	0
Dalton, 2b.....	4	0	1
Calahan, ss.....	3	2	1
Hiltz, p.....	4	0	0
Waters, c.....	4	2	0
Hiltz, 1b.....	4	0	1
Waters, rf.....	4	2	0
Waldman, 3b.....	2	0	0
Ahern, cf.....	3	0	0

## Cohasset

Name	ab	hits	runs
Rose, ss.....	4	0	0
Litchfield, c.....	4	0	0
Peterson, 1b.....	4	0	0
Ahern, c.....	4	0	0
Loughman, 3b.....	3	0	1
James, lf.....	3	0	0
Parker, cf.....	3	1	0
Figuards, rf.....	3	0	0
Nucem, p.....	3	0	0

Total: Holbrook 4, Cohasset 1.

## Holbrook vs. Avon

Name	ab	hits	runs
Sears, lf.....	4	0	2
Waters, C., c.....	5	3	1
Calahan, p.....	5	3	2
Hiltz, N., ss.....	5	3	1
Waters, rf.....	5	2	2
Dalton, 2b.....	4	1	1
Hiltz, 1b.....	4	0	0
Waldman, 3b.....	4	2	0
Ahern, cf.....	4	0	1

Strikeouts by Calahan, 11.

Hits off Emery, 14.

## Avon

Name	ab	hits	runs
McGomgle, 2b.....	4	0	0
Lynch, cf.....	4	1	0
Butler, 3b.....	4	1	0
Lithefield, ss.....	4	1	0
Braveman, 1b.....	4	0	0
A. Krupa, c.....	3	0	1
Bozoran, lf.....	4	0	0
K. Bozoran, rf.....	2	0	0
Emery, p.....	2	1	0

Strikeouts by Emery, 10.

Hits off Calahan, 4.

Total: Holbrook 10, Avon 1.

## Holbrook vs. East Bridgewater

Name	ab	hits	runs
Sears, lf.....	4	0	
Waters, c.....	4	1	
Calahan, ss.....	4	1	
Hiltz, N., p.....	3	0	
Waters, Ch., rf.....	3	0	
Dalton, 2b.....	3	0	
Waldman, 3b.....	3	1	
Ahern, cf.....	3	1	
Hiltz, L., 1b.....	3	0	

Strikeouts by Hiltz, 10. Hits off Steven, 4.

**East Bridgewater**

Name	ab	hits	runs
Clarity, ss.....	4	0	0
Rogers, 2b.....	4	2	0
Stevens, p.....	4	0	0
Bordeaux, 1b.....	4	1	0
Carleton, 3b.....	4	0	0
Baker, cf.....	4	0	0
Nulter, c.....	3	1	1
McCormack, lf.....	3	1	1
R. Stevens, rf.....	3	0	0

Strikeouts by Stevens, 10; hits off Hiltz,  
5. Total: Holbrook 1, E. Bridgewater 2.

**Holbrook vs. Norwell at Norwell**

Name	ab	hits	runs
Sears, lf.....	3	0	1
Waters, C., c.....	5	1	1
Calahan, ss.....	5	2	0
Hiltz, N., p.....	4	1	2
Waters, Ch., rf.....	3	3	0
Waldman, 3b.....	4	0	0
Dalton, 2b.....	4	0	0
Ahern, cf.....	4	0	0
Hiltz, L., 1b.....	2	1	0

Strikeouts by Hiltz, 16; hits off Prouty, 8.

**Norwell**

Name	ab	hits	runs
McDonald, 2b.....	5	1	0
Merritt, 3b.....	4	1	1
Brown, R., ss.....	4	1	0
Lind, 1b.....	3	0	0
Prouty, p.....	2	0	1
Merritt, R., 2b.....	3	1	0
Wheling, lf.....	3	0	1
Cann, rf.....	3	0	1
Fleet, cf.....	1	0	0

Strikeouts by Prouty, 7; hits off Hiltz, 4.

Total: Holbrook 4, Norwell 5.

**Holbrook vs. East Bridgewater at East Bridgewater**

Name	ab	hits	runs
Waters, C., c.....	4	2	1
Hiltz, N., p.....	4	3	1
Waters, rf.....	4	1	0
Calahan, ss.....	3	2	1
Waldman, 3b.....	4	1	0
Hiltz, L., 1b.....	4	1	0
Dalton, 2b.....	4	0	0
Sears, lf.....	3	0	0
Ahern, cf.....	3	1	0

Strikeouts by Hiltz, 14; hits off Steven,  
11.

**East Bridgewater**

Name	ab	hits	runs
Clarity, ss.....	3	0	0
Rogers, 2b.....	3	0	0
Steven, R., p.....	4	1	0
Carleton, 3b.....	4	2	0
Bouldry, 1b.....	4	0	0
Baker, lf.....	3	0	0
Nulter, c.....	3	0	0
Jarvis, cf.....	2	0	0
Pittsley, rf.....	3	0	0

Strikeouts by Steven, 9; hits off Hiltz, 3.

Total: Holbrook 3, E. Bridgewater 0.

**Holbrook vs. Avon**

Name	ab	hits	runs
Hiltz, ss.....	3	1	1
Waters, C., c.....	3	2	2
Waters, rf.....	2	0	0
Calahan, p.....	1	0	1
Waldman, 3b.....	2	1	1
Hiltz, L., 1b.....	2	1	0
Ahern, cf.....	2	1	0
Dalton, 2b.....	1	0	0
Sears, lf.....	2	0	0

Strikeouts by Calahan, 8; hits off Butler,  
6.

**Avon**

Name	ab	hits	runs
Mann, cf.....	1	0	0
McGomgle, rf.....	2	0	0
Butler, p.....	2	1	0
Bozoran, 2b.....	2	0	0
Krupka, lf.....	2	0	0
Bozoran, A., ss.....	1	0	0
Sullivan, c.....	1	0	0
Gagne, 3b.....	1	0	0
Emery, 1b.....	1	0	0

Strikeouts by Butler, 4; hits off Calahan,  
1.

Total: Holbrook 5, Avon 0.

**Holbrook vs. Hanover**

Name	ab	hits	runs
Waters, C., c.....	4	1	0
Hiltz, p.....	3	1	0
Waters, rf.....	4	1	0
Calahan, ss.....	4	0	0
Waldman, 3b.....	4	0	0
Hiltz, L., 1b.....	4	0	0
Ahearn, cf.....	2	0	0
Sears, lf.....	3	0	0
Dalton, 2b.....	3	1	1

Strikeouts by Hiltz, 8; hits off Bray, 4.

**Hanover**

Name	ab	hits	runs
Slackter, rf.....	4	0	0
Gillette, c.....	4	0	0
Stanley, S., 3b.....	4	0	0
Shots, 8.....	4	0	1
Stanley, C., 4.....	2	0	2
Henderson, lf.....	4	0	0
Bray, p.....	3	2	1
Trofton, 1b.....	3	0	0
Wills, ss.....	3	0	0

Strikeouts by Bray, 8; hits off Hiltz, 2.

Total: Holbrook 1, Hanover 4.

**Holbrook vs. West Bridgewater at West Bridgewater**

Name	ab	hits	runs
Waters, c.....	6	2	2
Hiltz, N., p.....	6	4	2
Waldman, 3b.....	4	2	1
Calahan, ss.....	6	3	1
Hiltz, L., 1b.....	4	1	0
Ahern, lf.....	4	1	1
Sears, 2b.....	4	1	1
Dalton, cf.....	5	0	2
Kerns, rf.....	5	1	1





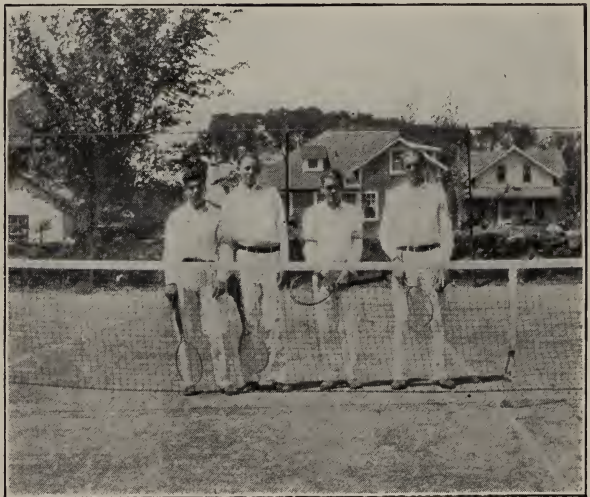
### ECHO STAFF

Upper Row: HERBERT RECKARDS, ARTHUR THERRIEN, CHARLES MARTIN, FREDERICK CROSBY, AND MISS MEGLEY.

Lower Row: DOROTHY MANN, RUTH HOUSER, GLADYS PACKARD, JESSIE BEERS, MARION HILL, KATHERINE McCool, HAZEL TIBBETTS, AND DOROTHY BROWN.

### TENNIS TEAM

THOMAS AHERN, ROBERT JARDINE, HERBERT RECKARDS, AND ROBERT WHITE.



### BASEBALL TEAM

HENRY RICHARDSON, CARLETON WATERS, NORMAN HILTZ, LINDSAY HILTZ, WILLIAM CALLAHAN, JULES WALDMAN, FRANCIS KEARNS, GEORGE SEARS, LAWRENCE DALTON, AND THOMAS AHERN.

## West Bridgewater

Name	ab	hits	runs
Black, p.....	4	2	0
Chinock, ss.....	4	0	0
Crowley, 1b.....	2	0	0
Stonkus, c.....	4	0	0
Broman, 3b.....	3	0	1
Chinock, L., cf.....	4	0	0
Hayward, rf.....	3	0	0
Barrett, 2b.....	3	1	0
Asack, lf.....	2	0	0

Strikeouts by Hiltz, 14; hits off Black, 15.

Total: Holbrook 11, W. Bridgewater 1.

## Holbrook vs. Thayer

Name	ab	hits	runs
Waters, c.....	5	2	2
N. Hiltz, ss.....	5	2	2
Waldman, 3b.....	5	1	2
Calahan, ss.....	4	2	1
Waters, cf.....	4	2	1
Ahearn, f.....	2	0	1
L. Hiltz, 1b.....	4	0	0
Sears, lf.....	3	1	1
Dalton, 2b.....	4	0	0

Strikeouts by Calahan, 11; hits off McJennet, 13.

## Thayer

Name	ab	hits	runs
Copethorn, 3b.....	4	1	1
Benson, ss.....	4	0	2
Bennett, 2b.....	3	0	0
Curtis, c.....	4	1	1
Sears, 1b.....	1	0	0
Martin, f.....	4	0	0
Holt, lf.....	2	0	0
McJennett, p.....	3	0	0
French, cf.....	3	0	0

Strikeouts by McJennett, 1; hits off Calahan, 5. Total: Holbrook 10, Thayer 18.

## S. H. S. vs. Bridgewater at Holbrook

Name	ab	hits	runs
Waters, C., 1b.....	6	5	5
N. Hiltz, p-lf.....	5	2	4
Waters, rf.....	5	2	3
Calahan, ss.....	6	4	3
Waldman, 3b.....	6	2	1
Dalton, 2b.....	3	1	0
Sears, lf.....	4	2	1
L. Hiltz, 1b-p.....	4	2	2
Ahearn, cf.....	4	0	1
Tierney, cf.....	1	0	0
Richardson, c.....	1	0	0
Kearns, cf.....	1	0	0

Strikeout by Hiltz; Calahan and Hiltz, 8; hits off Black, 20.

## West Bridgewater

Name	ab	hits	runs
Black .....	4	3	3
R. Chavock.....	4	1	1
Crowley .....	4	0	0
Stonkus .....	4	0	0
Bronan .....	4	1	0
L. Chanock.....	4	1	0
Heyward .....	4	2	0
Barrett .....	2	0	0
Asock .....	3	0	1

Strikeouts by Black, 4; hits off S. H. S.,

7. Total: Holbrook, 20; W. Bridgewater, 5.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN  
OAK TREE

At the point at which I am starting this story I was only a little acorn on a big oak tree that stood on a cliff overlooking the ocean, and one day some happy, noisy boys climbed the tree and shook it. I fell off, but landed in some soft, brown earth, and did not hurt myself. Pretty soon the snow began to fall, and I slept under the snow-blanket all winter. One day I woke up and the snow-blanket was gone, and I had sunk down into the warm brown earth, and had little sprouty things growing out of my shell. Pretty soon I began to stick my head out of the earth, and grow, and grow, and grow. I was very proud of myself, and nearly burst with conceit when a few buds appeared and burst into leaves. I was not very far from my mother, and she talked to me, and told me how to grow large, strong, and straight. I thought I was a very large tree until one day a little chipmunk came along, and jumped right over me. Oh! How small I felt! That fall when all the trees were losing their leaves, two or three men came along driving a wagon with funny looking tools and shiny things on it, and soon a group of noisy men appeared, and took the shiny things from the wagon, and came over to my mother. One of the men almost stepped on me. Pretty soon I heard a grinding, sawing noise, and looking up, I saw that they were sawing my mother! Late in the afternoon I heard a crashing, ripping noise, and my mother fell to the earth, missing me by inches. How I cried that night. The snow came, and again I slept, but when I awoke in the spring there were great spaces about me, many of the trees having been cut down. This year I grew very, very tall, and Oh! how hot it was in the summer without and protecting shade near me. This went on for very many "snows", until I was nearly as large as my mother had been, and "snow" I dreaded those men who mercilessly cut

Mr. M (in physics): Is the current going clockwise or counter clockwise?

Pete: It makes a difference on which side of the clock you stand.



down trees all around me, and still I continued growing. I began having acorns of my own now, and saving boys climb up my trunk, and swing from my big limbs. One spring when I woke up, I found that I was practically the only tree left, and how majestic I felt. King o'er the Ocean and Land, I liked to think, because I could look far over the ocean, and back over the land. One night it rained and thundered and lightened, and the ocean was very rough. I saw a light on the ocean and knew that one of those boats was laboring in the storm. The light came nearer the cliff, near which I stood, and late in the night I heard a crash, and knew that the boat had hit the cliff, and I also heard shrieks and knew that people were in distress, but I, a tree, could do nothing. The next day some men came and looked over the cliff, shading their heads, and talking in low tones.

After the next snow some more of those things crashed on the Cliff, and I got so I listened for them during a storm.

A few more snows after that, some men came and one of them nailed a big thing near the top of my trunk, on the ocean side. A lot of wires came out of it, and were attached to another wire running through the air. That night I got the surprise of my life, for a man came and turned something near the ground and a big dazzling light suddenly came out of that thing and I heard him say, "There, I guess that'll keep 'em away." I wondered whether he meant the men who cut down the trees, or the ships, but he didn't say.

All the other trees are cut down and I stand here all alone, keeping vigil o'er all the sea, as I found out, because I heard a man say, "Well, we haven't had any boats lost since "Old Faithful" has kept guard". Was I proud? Well, I guess I was, and I have many people come and look at me. I'd like to see the chipmunk now, that could jump over me.

Dorothy Brown, '30.

Duggan: "Where do you think I got this collar?"

Dalton: "Where?"

Duggan: "Around my neck."

\* \* \* \*

Anna R.: "What are these chops, lamb or pork?"

John S.: "Can't you tell by the taste?"

Anna R.: No.

John S.: "Well then, what difference does it make."

Dumb: "What do they call lemons in Kalamazoo?"

Dumber: "I'll bite".

Dumb: "Lemons, of course".

\* \* \* \*

Dumb: "My girl has affectionate eyes."

Belle: "Yes, they're always looking at each other."

\* \* \* \*

Colored soldier telling of war: Ah shot, and Ah shot, and Ah shot—eleben times, and Ah wins everah dollah in dat crap game.

\* \* \* \*

In the paper after a duel between Mr. Shott and Mr. Krott: The shot that Shott shot at Krott shot not Krott but shot Shott himself.

\* \* \* \*

Reverend: "Remember, my friends, none of us wear a whole shirt on our backs."

Bob J.: "Now, Parson, how do you make that out? Look! I've got a whole shirt on my back!"

Reverend: My dear boy, half of your shirt is on the front".

\* \* \* \*

"How did you hurt your thumb, George?"

George A.: Hurrying to catch a fellow, and I stepped on it.

\* \* \* \*

Father Jock (to his offspring on a Sunday morning on the way to the kirk.

"Hist, Angus, me lad, ye'd better take longer steps, seein' as ye've yer Soonday shoes on".

\* \* \* \*

Chet (phoning garage): "Send help at once. I've turned turtle."

Voice: "My dear Sir, this is a garage. What you want is an aquarium."

\* \* \* \*

When you're down, don't be discouraged!

Just remember the mighty oak was once a nut.

\* \* \* \*

2

"Lived here all your life?"

"Don't know, haven't died yet."

3

"Say, old thing, why is the audience so comfortable?"

"Dear me, big boy, it's because they've removed the tax from the seats."

4

Why isn't Holbrook a true Democracy? Because they keep electing a King.

\* \* \* \*

"And what gave you the idea of becoming a teacher?"

"Madam, I thought that the blackboard would set off my blond hair so beautifully."



# Foreign Department

## LE COMTE DE MONTE CRISTO

On accusait mal, Dantes, un jeune matelot des mers et on l'enjoyavait a la prison dans le Chateau D'il. La on le jetait dans un cachot sans compagnons a qui il parlerait. Pensant qu'il n'y avait pas d'esperance qu' on le ferait libre, Dantes essayait se tuer mais Faria, un pretre italien, le sauvait. Ils faisaient une amitie forte entre l'un l'autre et apres avoir grince une ouverture entre leurs deux cachots, ils procedent tuer le gendarme et echopper.

Quand ils avaient fait toutes les preparations, Faria mourait et Dantes echappait en prenant l'endroit du cadavre. Quand les Tiboulens. La il trouvait la protection de la tempete. Le matin, un contrebandier, la "Jeune—Amelie passait et sauvait Dantes.

Quand Dantes eprouvait au captain de la Jeune—Amelie qu'il soit un matelot et un matelos habile, on permettait qu'il vite sur le vaseau et qu'il recoive le meme argent que les autres matelots recoivent.

Enfin, ce vaseau passait l'ile de Monte Cristo que Dantes connait comme l'endroit ou le vieux pretre lui disait qu'on cachait le tresor de la famille des Spadas. Il venait toute de suite chasser les chevres sauvages et, pretendant qu'il avait fait mal a son dos, on le laissait sur l'ile avec un pioche, un fusil, et de la poudre.

Quand le vaseau etait hors de la vue, Dantes procedait suivre les entailles sur les rocher et bientot il se trouvait dans une caverne nette et lustree. Il passait dans la seconde caverne on il trouvait le tresor qu'on cachait. C'etait un coffre fort, pleine d'or, d'argent, de rubis, de perles, de diamonds, d'emeralds, et beaucoup d'autres prierries.

Dantes, ne croyant quere qu'il n'etait pas un reve, s'ecria, "L'univers tout entier est a moi."

Charles Martin, '28.

"Comment vous portez-vous, mademoiselle?"

La chatte sat on the window-celle,

La fenetre s'ouvoit and out she fell,

"Comment vous portez-vous, mademoiselle?"

## Bebe est malade

Maman: Ou est-elle donc? Pourquoi Ninette ne l'amenet-elle ici?—Entrez!

Ninette: Pardon madame, je suis tard mais Bebe a pleure beaucoup. Elle est toute rouge. Je pense qu'elle est malade.

Maman: Malade! Mon Dieu, ne dites pas cela. Ma pauvre cherie.

Ninette: Que faire madame?

Maman: Allez chercher le medecin—courez vite!

Ninette: Oui, madame. (On frappe.)

Maman: Entrez! Bonjour, monsieur le

Le Medecin: Bon jour madame, qu'avons nous ici?

Maman: Bebe est bien malade.

Ninette: C'est la rougeole, n'est ce pas monsieur?

Le Medecin: Taisez-vous!

Ninette: Monsieur!

Le Medecin: Taisez-vous (a Bebe) Donnez moi la main.

Maman: Est ce que Bebe va monsieur?

Ninette: Mourir! O ciel, ne dites pas cela!

Le Medecin: Taisez vous maintenant (a Maman). Non madame votre enfant ne va pas mourir ce moment. Elle a trop mange.

Maman: O merci!

Le Medecin: Maintenant, donnez lui la remede que j'ai ici et qu'elle se couche vitelement.

Maman: Oui monsieur.

Le Medecin: Bonjour madame.

Maman: Bonjour, Monsier le Docteur.

Vincent Naverouskis, '29.

## Felis

Felis sedit by a hole  
Intenta she, cum omni soul,  
Prendered, rats;  
Mice cucurrent over the floor,  
In numero duo, tres, or more  
Obliti cats.

Felis saw them oculis;  
I'll have them, inquit she, I guess  
Dum ludent;  
Tunc illa crept toward the group,  
Habeam, dixit; good rat soup  
Pingues sunt.

Mice continued all ludere,  
 Intenti they in ludum vere  
 Gaudenter.  
 Tunc rushed the felis unto them,  
 Et tore them omnes limb from limb,  
 Violenter.

## MORAL:

Mures omnes mice be shy,  
 Et aurem praebe mihi,  
 Benige.  
 Si hoc fuges, vebum sat,  
 Avoid a huge and hungry cat  
 Studiose.

Gladys Packard, '27.

Le Cercle Français eut sa première réunion le treize avril à trois heures dans la salle d'assemblée.

On a présente' une pièce La Surprise d'Isidore. Ceux qui jouèrent les rôles sont Dorothy Clark, Alma Cummings, Mildred Tibbetts, Basil Martin, et Alfred Saunders. Phroso George lut De Stove Pipe-Hole un des Habitant poèmes.

Après avoir chanté la Marseillaise la collation fut servie par Gladys Packard et Doris Pettee.

L'élection des officiers pour l'année prochaine eut lieu le six juin

La Présidente, Alma Cummings  
 La Vice-Présidente, Jessie Beers  
 La Secrétaire, Arthur Therrien  
 Le Trésorier, Louise Hutchins.  
 Le Comité des Programmes

Helen Gray, Evelyn Rosenquist,  
 Vincent Naverouski, Basil Martin.

Le Cercle a plusieurs projets intéressants pour l'année prochaine. Il espère doner une grande pièce a la mairie pour les étudiants des village voisins.

VOUS AVEZ BESOIN DU CERCLE FRANCAIS!

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS A BESOIN DE VOUS!!!

John S.: What is the date, please?

Neal: Never mind the date. The examination is more important.

John S.: Well, sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

## EXERCITUS CAESARIS

Vis Romanorum exercituum in legionibus erat. Numerus hominum in legionibus rebus distulit. Vis legionum finibus belli sex milia homines erat. Legiones finibus belli sex milia homines erat. Legiones in decem cohortibus dividebantur. Senes legiones tironum vocabantur. Quiesque legio numero distabatur. In primo anno Gallici belli, Caesar quattuor legiones veteranas habuit, cum numeris septem, octo, novem, et decem. Cum cognoveret Helvetios per fines Sequanorum et Aeduarum constituire, celeriter duas legiones in Galliam cum numeris undecim et duodecim delegit. Cum his sex legionibus duos optimarum victoriarum fecit. In secundo anno duas novas legiones delegit, tredecim et quattuordecim. Initio proximi anni, Caesar duas plures legiones in Galliam delegit, et legiones veteranas ab Pompeio obtinuit. In extremis duobus annis belli decem legiones praeterquam seperatum supplementum habuit.

Imperator dux vocabatur usque victoriam vicit; post primam victoriam, imperator vocabatur. Caesar imperator vocabatur temporibus superavit. Helvetios usque suam mortem.

Legatus proximus in ordine erat, qui erat cerebrius praefectus est separatis legionibus ab Caesare. Absente imperatore legatus fiebat legatus pro praetore et magnam auctoritatem monstravit. Quaestor diligentia telorum et copiarum dabatur. Quaestor et legati auxilium imperatoris coniunxerunt, constitutum certos milites et adulescentam ordinis qui voluerunt acquirere militiam. Militum tribuni sex in quaque legione habuerunt.

Claire Roach, '29.

## NAUTAE FORTITER PUGNANT

Nautae in his navibus sunt fortissimi. Gallos non timent. His nautis pugnant pro supero honores suae patriae superaverunt omnes suos hostesque multa et magna dona accipiebant quae a civibus Romae donata sunt. Naves in pictura triginta pedes in longitudinem et quinque pedes in latitudinem sunt. Boni nautae pugnant fortissime in magno proelio contra malos Gallos qui interficere omnes bonos et fidos cives Romae conabantur. Si nautae non Gallos superavissent omnes populi Romae e eis interfecti essent et omnia pulchra aedificia Romana deleta essent.

Morris Waldman, '30.

It has been said that some teachers have no favorites; they flunk everybody with equal grace.

## LE COMTE DE MONTE-CRISTO

On accusait mal dantes un jeune matelos des mers d'Europe, et on l'envoyait a la prison dans le chateau D' if La on le jetait dans un cachot sans compagnons a qui il parlerait. Pensant qu'il n'y avait pas d'esperance qu'on le ferait libre, Dantes essayait se tues mais Faria, un pretre italien, le savant. Ils faisaient une amitie forte entre l'un L'autre at apres avoir grince une ouverture entre leurs deux cachots, il procedent tuer le gendarne et ecgapper.

Quand ils avaient fait tousles preparations, Faria mourait et Dantes echappait en prenant l'endroit du cadavre. Quand les Dantes fossoyeurs le jetaient dans la mer, il nageait a l'ile de Tiboulén. La il trouvait la protection de la tempete. Le matin un contrebandie, la "Jeune-Amelie passait at sauvait Dantes.

Quand Dantes prouvait au captain de la Jeune amalie qu'il soit un matelot et un matelor habile, on permettait qu'il vite sur le vaisseau et qu'il recoive le meme argent que les autres matelots recoivent.

Enfin, le vaisseau passait l'ile de Monte-Cristo que Dantes connait comme l'endroit ou le vieux pretre lui distait qu'on cachait le tresor de la famille des Spadas. Il venait toute de suite chasser les chevres sauvages et pretendait qu'il avait fait mal a som dos on le laissait sur l'ile avec un proche un fusil, et de la poudre.

Quand le vaisseau etait hors de la vue, Dantes procedait suivre les entailles sur les rochers et bientot il se trouvait dans une caveanette et lustree. Il passait dans la seconde caverne ou il trouvait le tresor qu'on cachait. C'etait un coffre fort, plein d'or, d'argent, de rubis, de perles, de diamonds, d'emeralds et beaucoup d'autres pierreries.

Dantes ne croyant guere qu'il m'etait pas un reve s'ecria, "L'univers tout entier est a moi."

Charles Martin, '28.

Bob.—"My watch won't go."

Chet.—"S'matter, dandruff on the hair spring?"

Bob.—"No, one of the gears has got a tooth-ache."

\* \* \* \*

1. Found—Fountain pen by boy half full of ink.

2. Definition for Love: A tickling around the heart that can't be scratched.

3. Bob.: "So I took out my horse pistol, the one I raised from a colt."

\* \* \* \*

Father (to flunking Freshie): Why did you fail in your exam. again?

Charles: They gave me the same silly questions as before.

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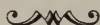
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Once more, "Thank You"  
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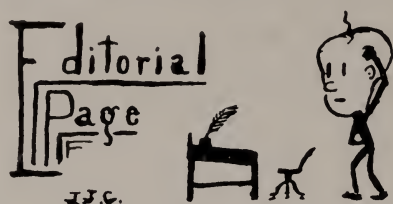
## Dedication

This issue of the "Echo" is affectionately dedicated to the class now being graduated from the Sumner High School of Holbrook, Massachusetts. The 1927 seniors, though small in size, ranks with importants among those who are known to live up to their motto. With their colors, silver and green, and their motto, "May Knowledge Increase," both in view, the Echo Staff of the Sumner High School wish the best success to come to all our new alumnae.

Name	Nickname	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Detestation
Norman Briel	Chet	Behaving for Miss Anthony	Wearing stiff collars
Dorothy Clark	Dot	Flirting with N. Briel	Getting ads
Peter George	Pete	Being late for school	Studying
Norman Hiltz	Norm	Using F. Kearns' French paper	Class meetings
Ruth Houser	Ruthie	Reading famous jokes	Figures of speech
Francis Kearns	Nuts	Tormenting Miss Anthony	Getting English assignments in on time
Beatrice Loud	Bozo	Picking up English nobles	Rattling flivvers
Dorothy Mann	Dot	Talking to Lin	Home work
Rose McCarthy	The coal man's Daughter	Borrowing someone's History	Boys
Evelyn Niles	Shiek	Writing poetry	Sherman's late hours
Arnold Nylander	Arnie	French grammar	GIRLS
Gladys Packard	Glad	Talking in French class	Being good
Doris Pettee	Derry	Trying not to be bashful	Doing her History lesson
Mary Reichert	Spud	Giggling	Bookkeeping
Margarite Rollins	Fritzi	Talking to Lovey Duggan	History
Mildred Tibbetts	Tib	Putting French sentences on the board before class	French verbs
Helen Townsend	Hennie	Listening to new jokes	Taking articles in transcription
Ursula Walsh	Urzoola	Riding in Hudsons	Fords

### OH, SUMNER HIGH

Oh, Sumner High!—oh, sacred words!  
Whose students are of manly mould;  
Who never join the driver herds,  
But are the ones who lead the bold.  
May lasting honor lead them till  
The sun has gone from plain and hill.  
Constance Brown, '28.



## EDITORIALS

Every school paper has a department for editorials. What good is it? Do people read them? They all have the same type-headings, "school activities," and other well known names. It must be admitted that they are sometimes dry and uninteresting, but sometimes a good one comes in and is probably not read. Why? Because the section is headed—editorials. Everyone reads editorials in the newspapers and enjoys them. They are not labelled editorials, usually, but they are interesting. School pupils should get interested in writing this form. There are no end of subjects to write upon and not one of them need be about school. Look through your next newspaper and try to get some suggestions for better editorials.

Arthur Therrien, '28.

## SUPPORT YOUR SCHOOL PAPER

What would a school paper be if it only had the support of the staff and a few scholars? It surely could not succeed. Make it your place to do all that is asked of you, and even then some to aid this part of the school activities.

A school paper must have many different forms of literature. If you specialize in any form, be sure and do your share of contributing in this way. If you see some way in which you think the paper could be bettered do not be afraid to express your ideas because they are sure to be taken in the right way. And another thing, getting the paper printed and having the best of literature and other forms of writing in it is only half of the game. After being completed, it must be sold. It can't be sold unless the pupils buy, as the majority of the papers are sold inside the school. If you know anyone that wishes to subscribe, be sure to say that you can get him a copy as soon as the next issue comes out.

In this way, you can help your school paper along. And always remember. it isn't always a good policy to wait to be asked to do a thing—volunteer.

Herbert Reckards, '28.

## MAY KNOWLEDGE INCREASE

How truly we Seniors of 1927 have lived up to our motto. It is no longer a prophecy. For four long years we have shown that school spirit which only a loyal class has. As Freshmen, we were full of pep, that intangible something which binds a class. As Sophomores, we had just as much loyalty. As Juniors, this class distinguished itself in scholarship. Five of its members received Pro-Merito pins, a fact which proved their ability by attaining an average of B for their three years in High School. This year as dignified Seniors, we have worked hard. Four members of the Senior Typewriting class were awarded bronze pins for their accuracy in typing forty words a minute for fifteen minutes. We also triumphed in dramatics working hard to make our play entitled "When a Feller Needs a Friend" a success. The Seniors have taken leading places in School activities of all kinds. Indeed, Sumner loses, with this class, the best leaders in years, but the under classmates do not lose the class, though we members may travel far and wide, yet are we Sumner's forever. May the members of the Senior Class prosper in all their undertakings as we have prospered in Sumner High.

Rose McCarthy, '27.

## KEEPING THOSE AFTER EXAM. RESOLUTIONS

The classes of Holbrook Sumner High School have been exceedingly busy, since the last report came out, keeping those after exam. resolutions. It is very simple to make these resolutions but they are very seldom kept. They are as follows: "I will take home my studying every night. I will pay attention in class. I will strive to please my teachers and my parents." This year, for the first time in history, everyone is keeping his resolutions, and the work of the pupils has improved so much, that when the next report comes out, there will be so many A's, the teachers will forget how to make any of the lower marks.

Dorothy Burns.

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